

THUNDA TALES

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THUNDA TALES

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THUN'DA

DEEP IN THE MIST AND FOG OF AFRICA IS A LOST LAND A LAND REPORTED BY LEGENDS — BUT A COUNTRY UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZATION, WHERE STRANGERS ARE KING AND THE WAY OF LIFE IS CONSIDERED

MYSTIC. TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF MAGNIFICENT MONUMENTS THAT FORM THIS MISTY WORLD STORIES OF ARMORED BRATS THAT RAFFLE TO THE DEATH IN SHADOWY BATTLES AND WHO ROCK THE EARTH THEMSELVES WITH THE RUMBLE OF THEIR COMBAT! BUT NO TALE IS SO STRANGE AS THAT WHICH CONCERNS HIM WHO STRODE THE SACRED GROUNDS OF AFRICA THE GREAT, WHO ROSE BY WIT AND MUSCLE TO THE ALMA OF AFRICA THE MAN OF THE OTHER WORLD WHO BECAME —

"KING OF THE LOST LANDS"



HIS TALE BEGAN SOME YEARS AGO WHEN THE SKY OF THE SAVANNAH GAVE RED WITH THE BLOOD OF BOMBS. AFTER AFRICA BECAME AN ALLIED AIRFIELD, ARMED OVER THE OCEAN. ARMED JEWELS, CARRYING FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO ESSENTIALS AND ACHIEVEMENT.



TRUSTING AND TURNING HELPFULLY THE BIG SHIP MUSTERED BARRIERS TOWARD THE LANDING.



THE CRASH OF ITS FALL STARTLES THOSE WHO WALK
IN THE MISTS OF THE LOST LANDS...



WITH A PUSH THAT SHAKES THE WORLD THE
GIANTIC LIZARD HURTLIES FORWARD ITS
GANT JAWS BARE RIDE AND CHARGE!



RAGE FLOODS THE JUNGLE INSTANTLY! HIS HEAD SWINGS AND
HIS JAWS TIGHTEN! AS A BOB WOULD BRACE A BAT HE BRACES
THE BIG PLANE—AND A LIMP FIGURE DROPS BATHWARD...





THROUGH THE JUNGLE DEPTHS AND ACROSS A MESSY, THE APOLLO CREATURES CARRY BOSS DOWN, AND THEY MOVE UPWARDS TO THE CAMP HOMES OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS...



FOR TWO WEEKS, BOSS DOLL LIVE THE LIFE OF A PREHISTORIC CHIEFMAN, BUT AS HE WORKS WITH HIS CAPTIVES, HIS ALERT MIND IS BUSY.



THEY THINK I'M SO WEAK AND SCRAWNY THEY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR—THAT I'LL NEVER RUN AWAY! BUT IF I'M EVER GOING TO MAKE MY ESCAPE—NOW'S THE BEST TIME FOR IT!



WITH EVERY LAST DROPE OF STRENGTH HE CAN SCRAMBLE UP THE ABUTTED PITCHES THE CLIFFSIDE LADDERS AWAY, TOWARD THEIR OWN SO THE



AND BY THAT TIME, I'LL LONG MYSELF DEAD IN THESE MISTY JUNGLES!



CLIMBING TO THE MOON ALIGHT, A HUNTING PARTY ARRIVES AT THE CLIFFS AND LAYS A LADDER TO THE CLIFF HOMES...



ON FEET AS SILENT AS THOSE OF THE FINE, THREE BURLY CAUVEN TAKE UP THE PURSUIT...









BACK TO THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF SHARSEN GOES PHA AND THE MEN OF HER HUNTING PARTY WHO ARE LEFT...



I WILL GATHER MANY MEN! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM WHO KILLS THE SHARD STICKS THAT KILL!



TAKE YOUR THROWING SPEARS! WE MUST FIND AND MAKE PRISONER THE MAN WHO SLAYS FROM A DISTANCE!

MEANWHILE...

THE CAVE PEOPLE HAVE COME DOWN FROM THE CLIFFS! ALL MEN! THEY ARE ON A RAID FOR WEAPONS AND WOMEN!



I'LL WARN THE VALLEY PEOPLE. THEY WILL BE GLAD OF MY WARNING AND BECOME MY FOLLOWERS!



BUT WHEN FIGHTER AND VALLEY PEOPLE COME FACE TO FACE -

I DON'T KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE... PERHAPS I'LL MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND WITH GESTURES!

THERE IS THE MAN I WANT! CAPTURE HIM - ALIVE AND UNHURT!



THEY AREN'T THROWING THEIR SPEARS, SO THEY DON'T WANT TO KILL ME. I'LL HAVE TO Tackle THIS PROBLEM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE!



With a powerful leap, he drops down behind the capture in the trees. Then, unhesitating, he grabs him, and brings it crashing downward -



I'LL SHOW THE CAVEMAN A MAN TO FEAR. SHE'LL UNDERSTAND, AND CALL OFF HER FIGHTING MEN!





A MAD TORRENT OF WINDS WHIRLED SWIRLED THE AUDIENCE AROUND! TONNAGES HIGH ABOVE HIM—EMERGING FROM THE LAZYVING DEPTHS OF THE CAVE BEHIND THE DRUM...



BEFORE THE DEAD-FROZEN CAVE PEOPLE CAN MOVE, THE GIANT HEAD FLASHES DOWNWARD!



WITH THE SNAKE'S FINGER BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, HIS LAST BULLET REACHES ITS RESTING PLACE—AND WITHA FRONTAL KICK, THE GIANT SERPENT BROTHERS IN DEATH...



AND SO, ROBERT DRAH, WHO IS HENCEFORTH TO BE KNOWN AS THUN'DA, COMES AT LAST TO PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE...AND WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE CAVE....!

THUNDA

OUT OF THE MUSTY
LIVIDIAN OF
THE LOST LANDS
COMES A SMOKE OF
HAIRY MONSTERS,
DRIVING ALL LIVING
THINGS BEFORE THEM!
SHOOTY FLICKERS—
BODDY BY HALF-HUMAN
APE-BEINGS—THREATEN
TO DESTROY THE
STRANGE NEW WORLD
FOUND BY JAGGER DRUM!
IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN
DEATH, MOOSE DRUM,
WHO IS NOW JAGGER DRUM,

LIFTS THE FABULOUS
KNIFE OF ANNE JAGGER
AND LEANS TO MEET

**"The Monsters
from the
Mists!"**



THEY COME THROUGH THE STEAMING JUNGLES, GREAT TRUNKS CRUSHING THOSE WHO STAND BEFORE THEM.



THEY ARE
BIGGER
THAN THE
CLIFFS!

AUGG—AND
STROG AS ANNE
WHO HAS SLAIN
BY THUNDA!



AS THUNDER WITCHES, A SHARING GARRETT'S
TIGER LEAPS TO ATTACK A GRAGGY MAWOTH—



WITH A SCREAM OF ANIMAL AGONY THE TIGER
IS LAMBLIC ON A GREAT TUCK—AS THE MON-
KEY-MEN FOR DRUTH'S HAIRY BACK SHY
ING AND THUNDA!



THE SUNLIGHT
FILTERING
THROUGH THE
JUNGLE LEAVES
DAPPLES
THUNDER'S BOLD
ING MUSCLES
AS HE LIFTS
A SCREAMING
MONKEYMAN
HIGH ABOVE
HIS HEAD—



THE
MONSTER
IS
LEAVING!

AL THOUGH HE MONKEY-
MEN MASTERS, HE IS JUST
AN ANIMAL! BUT ~~WOMAN~~
HE GONE IN THIS WET
LAND — NO MAN KNOWS!









FOOLS! YOU ARE AFRAID OF SHADOWS! I—THUNDRA, YOUR CHIEF—TELL YOU I HAVE A WAY OF FIGHTING THESE MAMMOTS!



WITH FEAR, AND ONLY AFTER MUCH CHATTER AMONG THEMSELVES, THE VALLEY AND THE HILL PEOPLE OF THE LOST LAND UNITE FOR THE FIRST TIME AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY.



THUNDRA IS A CRAZY ONE! SEE—HE HAS BROUGHT HIS PEOPLE FOR US TO TRAMPLE UNDERFOOT!



SUDDENLY A SHRIEL CRY RINGS OUT AS THUNDRA CURE HIS LIPS: FROM HERE AND THERE IN THE SUN-BARRED COUNTRY, MEN COME—WITH FLAMING TORCHES.



FURRED BY THE RESTLESS WINGS OF THE LOST LAND, THE SEA OF GRASS IS DOON AN OCEAN OF HOT, SEARING FLAMES!

THE SHADOWS ARE TERRIFIED BY THE FIRE!

THAT'S YOUR TO RUN!



SEE YOU, MY PEOPLE! THE SHADOWS ARE WILD WITH TERROR! THEY TEAR THE MONKERMEN FROM THEIR BACKS AND TRAMPLE THEM! SOON THERE WILL BE NO MORE SHADOWS LEFT!

AND SO FLED THE DREADED MONSTERS OF THE MISTS BACK TO THEIR USUAL SWAMP, LEAVING BEHIND THE SHREDDED BODIES OF THE MONKERMEN WITH HEAD HELD HIGH, THUNDRA, JUNGLE KING WALKS BACK TO SHARSH WITH PHALL



THE VALLEY PEOPLE AND THE HILL PEOPLE BOTH CALL YOU LORD, THUNDRA? PHALLA, KING OF THE JUNGLES AND THE LOST LANDS!

THINDA

FOR UNCOUNTED AGES, THE LOST LANDS OF THE DAWN WORLD HAVE REMAINED UNKNOWN, CUT OFF BY IMPASSABLE MOUNTAIN BARRENDS AND ROCKY ENCLOSURES FROM THE OUTER WORLD. THIS WAS THE DOOM OF THINDA, THE DEADLY BATTLESLAVE.

ONE DAY THINDA WAS TO STRIKE AGAIN, TO UNSEAL THE MOUNTAIN PASSES AND BRING DEATH IN THE FORM OF A WHITE MAN AND HIS BRABBERS TO THE DWELLERS OF THE LOST LANDS. AND THINDA STOOD ALONE AGAINST THEM, DARING THEM REPLY — IN THE DEAD DAYS OF DOOM —

“WHEN THE EARTH SHOOK”



THINDA HUNTS IN THE DAWN WORLD. HIS BOW A LIVING THING THAT CATAPULTS AN ARROW WITH THE FORCE OF A BULLET.



DAED THE ANTELOPE, WILL MAKE GOOD EATING!



THINDA — LOOK ABOVE YOU! — THE CLAWS — FALLING!



WITH A GRABBE WRENCH OF TORTURED MUSCLES, THUNDA RIPS FREE, AND HIS LONG HUNTING KNIFE FLASHES DOWNWARD ONCE—TWICE—THREE TIMES!



AD—NO WONDER KING ROUGHT! SEE HIS GRAY! LOOK AT HIS SPOT AND SHAPE, AT ME! ME—WHAT A PET HE WOULD MAKE!

A SAMBOSTOON TOOK FOR A PET? THUNDA, NO MAN CAN TAKE A BIG—PANG!



BUT THUNDA IS NO ORDINARY MAN! HIS CIVILIZED VENEZING ROBBED DOWN HAS SLOUGHED AWAY IN THE FORM OF THUNDA, JUNGLE LORD. HE BRINGS PATIENCE TO HIS TASK AND A READY LAUGH...

YOU ARE A STUBBER! HE KNOWS I AM PLANNING WATCH SABB THAN HE IS! HIM PETER A STEP THUNDER MAN! NOTICE FOR ME, PANG...



FOR DAYS AND WEEKS THUNDA TAUGHT HIS TIGER CUB...

COME SABB, TIME FOR ANOTHER LESSON!



THE WEEKS PACE AND POUNDING ANOMONY GROWS LARGER AND STRONGER. TOGETHER THEY HUNT THE BIG GAME OF THE FOREST!

WE FEAST WELL TODAY, SABB! OOOO WORK!



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS BORDERING THE LOST LANDS...



LOOK, SABB! A WHITE CAUSEY WITH A TIGER!

HEH! SAID LOOK WHAT'S ON HIS ARMS! GOLD BANGS—WORTH A FORTUNE! GRAB YOUR GUN, SABB! LET'S SEE WHICH OF US CAN KILL HIM FIRST!



BUT THUNDER IS NO ORDINARY MAN. HIS SENSES ARE ALERT AS THOSE OF SABLE, THE TIGER. AS THE WIND SHIFTS, IT CARRIES A STRANGE SCENT TO HIS NOSTRILS—

STRANGE MEN IN THE VALLEY, SABLE! RUN FOR IT!



A LUCKY SHOT CREASES THUNDER'S SKULL—AND KNOCKS OUT THE JUNGLE LORD!

UGRRR...



BY THE GREAT SANG OF SHANTAI! GOLD! GOLD! RED GOLD! HADDE! I'VE REALLY STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING! HAH—GLAD I DIDN'T KILL THIS GUY! HE MAY KNOW WHERE THERE'S MORE OF THIS STUFF!



THUNDER OPENS HIS EYES TO THE DANCING RED FLAMES OF A JUNGLE CAMPFIRE...

HA, YOU'RE AWAKE. ARE YOU GOOD? NOW YOU CAN START TALKING! WHERE'S THE REST OF THIS GOLD?



WOULDN'T TALK, SHP. ALL RIGHT, HUMBALL! TOSH! LET'S SEE WHAT A TOUCH OF THE FIRE WILL DO TO HIS TONGUE!



With EYES KICK OPEN, THE JUNGLE KING TONGUED AS THE HOT TORCHES COME HEARDER AND HEARDER. THEIR HEAT RAISED A FLAME OF QUICK SWEAT ON HIS FACE... AND THEN WITH WILD CRIES THE SAVAGE DICK-HEADERS THROST THE BLADING TORCHES FULL IN HIS FACET!

NGAI HADA TA!

NGAI! WE WILL LEAVE HIM NO TONGUE TO TALK WITH UNLESS HE SPEAKS NOW! NGAIKA! TALK!



A LOW RUMBLE OF FURY ERUPTS FROM SARRE'S SHADY THROAT! LIKE A LIVING LIGHTNING BOLT, HE LEAPS FROM THE JUNGLE TO SAVE HIS YOUNG MASTER —



SHY ISIP IS PARALYZED WITH AMAZEMENT FOR A LONG MOMENT...

A SABERTOOTH TIGER! WHAT KIND OF A LAND IS THIS?



I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU, KILL CRAZY CAVEMAN! BUT I SURE WILL CRUMPLE YOU!

HAGAKA! SARRE! DID THE TREES!



THE BRANCHES AND THE LEAVES WILL KID ME FROM HERE! I CAN MOVE SWIFTLY YET SILENTLY AND INVISIBLY IN THE JUNGLE TREES. NO MAN CAN FIND THORIN HERE!



HOURS LATER, THE JUNGLE GIANT STANDS BY THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF THE SOUL IN HIS HAND, THE HAMMER, CRASHES THE ANCIENT TENGOLDS...

FROM FIELDS AND GOLD MINES, THE HUNT, AND THE CHASE, COME THE VALLEY AND HILL PEOPLE...

WITH SPEAR AND ARROW THEY CHARGE DOWN ON SHY ISIP AND HIS GOLD-HUNGRY NATIVES. COOLLY THE WHITE HUNTER DIRECTS HIS KILL FIRE...



THUNDER! WE WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH!



TERRIFIED BY THE SPEARS THAT FELL WITH RED FLAME, THE PEOPLE OF THE LOST LANDS HURD AND FLEW, LEAVING MANY DEAD BEHIND THEM...



ALONE, THE GREAT JUNGLE LORD CAN DO NOTHING, BEARING A CHAINED LIFE, HE SEEMS TO RUN BETWEEN THE BULLETS THAT SEEK HIM OUT...



FOR WEEKS, THUNDER WATCHES SLIP LOOT THE CITY OF SHAGREN. WITH DUE HE TRAILS THEM THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

IF WE DON'T STOP THEM SOON, THEY'LL BE OUT OF THE LOST LANDS!



NO, YOU DEAREST! UP ABOVE US—THE CAVERMAN AND A WOMAN! CAPTURE THEM! WE'LL KEEP THEM AS HOSTAGES—to MAKE THEIR PEOPLE DO ALL THE BOLD WE WANT!



IT'S OVER, PHAI! WE CAN NEVER ESCAPE THEM NOW! BEST TO DIE FIGHTING...



THE EARTH SHAKES AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND WHEN IT IS QUIET...



THUNDA

AS THE ROCKS AND DEBRIS OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS TO THE LOST LANDS CRUMBLE BEHIND HIM, THUNDA, JUNGLE LORD, TURNS HIS FACE EAST AND SOUTHWARD TO THE OUTER WORLD.

WITH HIM GO JAG AND SABRE, THE ANGRY PREHISTORIC TIGER— INTO A WORLD WHERE MAN'S GREED FOR POWER BRINGS THE JUNGLE GIANT INTO THE WAR OF THE—

"GODS of the JUNGLE"



AS THE EARTH QUAKES BEHIND HIM, THUNDA GRABS PUA AND LEADS TO THE SAFETY OF THE CONGO JUNGLE...

WE WILL MAKE OUR HOME IN THESE FORESTS FROM NOW ON!

WARRIOR LUTHERA...!



FAR AHEAD OF THE TRIO, A CANOE CARRAHH GLIDES THROUGH THE WATERS OF A CROCODILE-INFESTED RIVER...



ON THE RIVERBANK...



THE STACCATO BARK OF RIFLES AND THE SLUTTER OF BASUTO WAR-SPRAYS BREAK THE JUNGLE STILLNESS.



BULLETS, SPEARS AND ARROWS DO THEIR READY WORK...



FOR SPARKING MOMENTS, THE WATER SWIRLS RED AND BLOODY AS BASUTO WARRIORS REACH FOR THEIR CANOES...



THROUGH THE MISTS OF THE JUNGLE, THUNDER, THE MIGHTY, RUES LIKE A FRIGHTENED BIRD!





TERRIFIED AT SIGHT OF THE
POWERFULLY-MUSCLED JUNGLE
GIANT THE BASUTOS TURN
WITH FRIGHT-FOAM ON THEIR LIPS





DON'T KNOW YOU, OLD BOY BUT I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL! SAVED THE URANIUM SHIPMENT FROM BEING CAPTURED...

NEED THE URANIUM FROM THE CORROD MINES FOR THOSE TOLLY ATOM BOMBS. YOU KNOW! COMRADES WANT IT TOO! SENT A COUPLE OF RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS...

ATOM BOMBS? RUSSIANS? I HAVE HEARD THOSE WORDS SOMEWHERE BEFORE... IN SOME OTHER LIFE... BUT THEY MEAN NOTHING TO ME, NOW!



YOU MEN ARE SAFER! COME, SABRE...!

AND SO, AFTER THEIR FIRST BRUSH WITH "CIVILIZATION," THUNGA, PAH, AND SABRE WANDER DEEPER INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WORLD...



WE WILL MAKE OUR HOME HERE, PAH! IT IS A GOOD WORLD—FULL OF LIFE AND ADVENTURE...



BEHIND THEM...

IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING SOON, WE WILL BE RECALLED TO MOSCOW!

PLEASE, MAN—DO NOT TALK OF THAT! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO FAIL IN THEIR TASKS! PLEASE—PUT THOSE SECRET GREENS AWAY!



WE SHALL NOT FAIL, JONES! BECAUSE I—I—IVAN BELLOSCOFF—HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA...

THE NATIVES TALKED OF A JUNGLE GOD CALLED **THOPYDA!** THEY FEAR HIM! WELL, WELL, GIVE THEM A JUNGLE GOD THAT THEY WILL FEAR — AND **Obey!**

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, TONKS — CLEVER — VERY CLEVER!



THERRAFTER, THE HILLS AND FORESTS THROB WITH THE STEADY BEAT OF RHINOCEROS HIDE DRUMS THEY TELL OF A GROTESQUE THING WITH A SCALY FACE ...



INTO THE HILL VILLAGES OF THE WADJINE KADIMBA COMES THE MASKED HORROR...



TO THE WATERWAYS OF THE RIVER COUNTRY...



TO THE GRASSY HELDS OF THE INTERIOR...



AND WHERE THE JUNGLE GOD WALKS, NATIVE FIGHTING MEN LEFT THEIR WAR SPEARS AND MARCH...



WHILE THE RUSSIANS RUB THEIR HANDS AND CHUCKLE IN GLEE...



YOU WERE A GOOD JUNGLE GOD JONNY! SO, WE HAVE CARRIED OUT OUR ORDERS! WE HAVE BUILT UP THE JUNGLE THINGS! WE ARE READY TO **STAMP!**

IN THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT OFFICE OF THE BELGIAN CONGO, WORRIED OFFICIALS PORE OVER REPORTS FROM THE DEEP FORESTS...



ANOTHER INSURRECTION! THE BAHALIS ARE UP TO JOIN THE BASUTOS AND KUBERSHAS! I DON'T LIKE IT! IT GIVES THOSE RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS A CHANCE TO COMPLAIN TO MOSCOW!

THEN RUSSIA WILL BE ALLOWED TO SEND IN AN ARMY TO "PROTECT" HER SCIENTISTS! THE SAME OLD PATTERN! WHEN SHE HAS ENOUGH SOLDIERS HERE, SHE WILL TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY AND CONTROL THE CONGO URANIUM MINES!



IN THE JUNGLE DEPTHS...

THIS IS A GOOD LAND! THE WATER IS SWEET AND COLD, THE FOOD IS GOOD, WE WILL LIVE HERE... **HU!** **WHE!** **GRUM-GRUM!**



THOSE DRUMS SPEAK OF WAR! DEATH IS CREEPING THROUGH THE JUNGLE! BAHALIS—COME ON!



NATIVE TRIBESMEN—ARMED AND READY FOR WAR!

SOMEWHAT LATER, AS THE JUNGLE CHIEF WATCHES INTENTLY, BASUTOS AND BAHALIS, KUBERSHAS AND BAHALIS WARRIORS RACE FORWARD TO ATTACK THE CONGO URANIUM MINES.



THUNDER SAY TO KILL!

DEATH TO ALL WHO TAKE THE WHITE METAL FROM THE GROUND!



AND THEN, SCREAMING, THEY FLEE IN
FEAR!



